





Lord all of you

fly away pretty moth to the shade. Of the leaf where you shun
 Be content with the Morn & the Star pretty moth. And make me
 of yr. wings whilst you may. Though the Glittering light may have
 dazzled you quite And the gold of your wings may look gay
 Many things in this world that look bright. Surely not the only
 Chance to lead us astray Many things &c. &c.

1
 I have seen in this world ²pretty moth things I saw a bird
 as gay & as gay who bewitched by the sweet fascination of
 Flittered round us by night & by day. But the dreams of
 of delight may have day told them quite. They at last
 found it dangerous play. Many things in this world
 112